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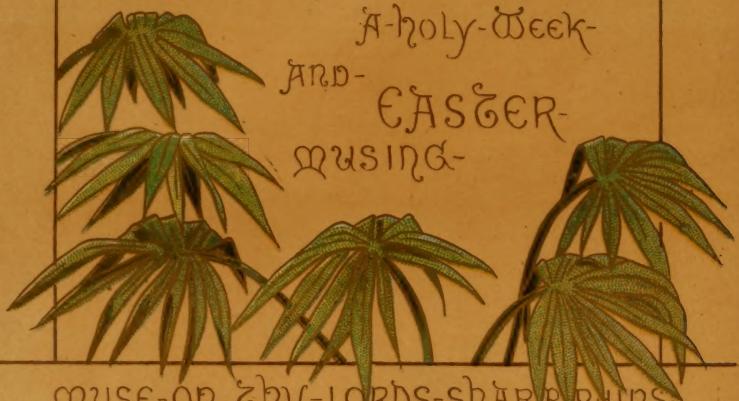
"AS-AT-THIS-TIME"

A-HOLY-WEEK-

AND-

EASTER-

MUSING-



MUSE-ON THY-LORDS-SHARP-PAINS-
BORNE-SOUL-FOR-THEE-
THINK-HOW-HE-BROKE-DEATHS-CHAINS-
(1) TO-SET-THEE-FREE-

"I GOT ME FLOWERS
TO STRAW THY WAY;
I GOT ME BOUGHS OFF MANY A TREE."

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As At This Time.

A HOLY WEEK

AND

EASTER MUSING.

BY

MARY LELAND McLANATHAN

NEW YORK:
ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & COMPANY.

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The Easter Sun gets all its singular brightness by its contrast with the Good Friday darkness.

BISHOP HUNTINGTON.

"As at this Time."

Ye who have stood with hushed and faltering breath,
And head bowed down in tearless grief and pain,
At the closed doorway of some room where Death
Strove hard with Life the mastery to gain;

Ye who have wrung your helpless hands and prayed,
And strained your ears to catch some hopeful sound
To tell of pain relieved, or fever stayed,
Or skill prevailing o'er a desperate wound;

Right well ye know the agony that thrills
Through every fibre of the anxious heart,
And know how powerless is the mind that wills
The hand to work at daily task or art.

Or when some loved one in a distant land
Ye know to meet a deadly test or strain,
Or suffer at the surgeon's faithful hand,
How throbs your loving heart and feels his pain!

And saying, "Now the fateful hour is here,"
Then breathing to your Lord a tearful prayer,

In tender thought ye bring the dear one near,
Or speed to him, his suffering to share.

Thus hearts that love no closèd doors can stay—
O'er lands and seas unhindered roams the soul;
Yea, more—true love acknowledges no day—
At love's command time's tide must backward roll.

Nearing the close of yearly Lenten Fast,
Where deepening falls the shadow of the tomb,
My heart would soar across the yawning past—
Would feel my Lord's sharp pangs and share His gloom.

Though far the Orient in its glamour lies,
Jerusalem's fair hills I can descry,
Bright with a glory blest to Christian eyes—
This Holy Week my Lord there seems to die.

The written record is so plain and clear,
My heart stands still, my eyes with tears are dim,
As every day the tidings sad I hear
Of pain and scoff and wrong endured by Him.

In the sad hush of these last solemn days,
Our Mother Church her mournful message reads –
"As at this time" our Lord doth weep, she says,
Foreseeing blinded Israel's guilty deeds.

Palm Sunday.

Though all the people clamor in His path,
Strewing with boughs and palms His onward way,
He sees, above, the gathering cloud of wrath;
(My soul, weep for thy sins with Him to-day.)

Monday.

To-day He blights the fresh and leafy tree,
Which no due fruit to stay His hunger bears;
His followers the instructive marvel see;
(My soul, will He accept thy fruitless years?)

Tuesday.

To-day He baffles Scribe and Pharisee—
Judges the widow's gift, of worth divine—
Bids from His courts the money-changers flee—
(Be purged of worldly stain, O soul of mine.)

Wednesday.

To-day false Judas falls in Satan's snare,
And sells for thirty pence the Lord of all.
(Be humble, soul; of love of gain beware,
Since Christ's elect by avarice did fall.)

Thursday.

To-day at even-time my King and Lord
With His disciples humbly sits at meat—
O holy feast, where richest Grace is stored—
Blest food of Love which hungry souls may eat.

And now their voices in a hymn they raise—
How sweet, with His dear voice their tones to blend!
Then to the hill-side fair their way they trace—
(Walk daily, soul, with Him, thy Guide, thy Friend.)

Beneath the garden's dusky shade they go,
And there, concealed from every human eye,
My Lord drinks deep the cup of human woe,
And struggles with Death's coming mystery.

Returning as for comfort to "His own,"
Like loveless slaves He finds them sleeping there—
"Could ye not watch with me one hour—but one?"
The sad reproach falls on the midnight air.

And now by traitor's kiss He is betrayed;
With swords and staves the soldiers throng around;
The lanterns flare—His followers wake dismayed—
(For thee, my soul, His tender hands are bound.)

Friday.

This day to Pilate for his judgment led,
By soldiers' scorn in royal robes arrayed ;
"I find no fault in Him," the ruler said,
Yet to relentless foes He is betrayed.

(Canst thou, my soul, enjoy thy careless ease,
While thy dear Lord is haled to death away ?)
In that far land my quickened vision sees,
O'er space and time, His sufferings borne *to-day*.

And often in the busy din and rush
Of the great city with its joys and cares,
I long to stand and cry, "Dear friends, O hush !
Know ye what pains this day, this hour, He bears ?"

And at my daily task a sudden chill
Seizes my heart-strings, and I wail and mourn,
"My sins to-day Thy cup of passion fill !
For me Thy sacred hands are bruised and torn !"

O Cross, to whose broad arms His hands are nailed,
Thou bear'st such Prince as never throne did bear ;
And though His ears by curses are assailed,
His Father's love and power dwell in Him there.

Even while He hangs in agony, below,
The sorrowing Mother of the Holy One
Stands bathed in tears and pierced by sharpest woe,
Seeing the anguish of her Heaven-born Son.

Is there a living man could check his tears,
Could he but see Christ's gentle mother mild
In such distress, so bowed with woes and fears,
Weeping with Him, her Son—her God-sent Child?

Now all the mocking throng have left Him there,
His holy body—for Himself is fled;
His soul divine has cleft the trackless air,
And now He lives, Whom, blindly, we call dead.

And pious Joseph comes and takes away
The earthly temple which vile hands destroyed,
In his new tomb the precious form to lay—
Fly swift, dark days, and leave Death's prison void!

(Now dry thy tears, sad heart, the pain is o'er;
He is at peace who suffered but to-day;
The conquest gained, the Victor strives no more—
Vanquished is Death, forever and alway.)

His body, worn with mortal agony,
By loving hands now reverently is wound
In linen fair and fine, and tenderly
The tired limbs are with rare spices bound.

Saturday.

In rock-hewn chamber, for the rich man meet,
How calm He lies Who humblest poor has served;
Peace on His brow—at rest the way-worn feet
Which ne'er from stony path of duty swerved.

The cavern's mouth a mighty stone doth close;
The crafty Jews have marked it with a seal,
Lest fond disciples should out-watch His foes,
O'ercome the guards, and the blest body steal.

And night comes down upon the guilty land—
O'er sad disciples, weeping and undone,
Whose faithless hearts despair because the hand
That led them, from their feeble sight is gone.

They know not yet that neither might nor wrong,
Nor ruler's power, nor rage of populace,
Nor cruel death, can daunt that soul so strong,
Nor grave-dust hide the glory of that face.

Easter Day.

Three pious women, to the holiest spot
They know on earth, come in the dim gray dawn.
Through the long night their eyes have slumbered not;
For Him they mourn, with Whom their hope is gone.

Yet looking, in their ignorant, loving way,
For some new comfort through His mighty power,
In pious sisterhood they take their way
To be but near Him in this sad, still hour.

Oh, wondrous sight! The stone is rolled away!
The tomb is empty! No still form is there.
And as they falter in their dumb dismay,
An angel greets them, wonderful and fair.

With heavenly voice he calms their anxious dread—
"He is not here, the Lord ye long to see.
Go tell that He is risen, as He said,
And goes before you into Galilee."

Joy fills their hearts—gone is their load of fear;
They raise their heads, but now with grief bowed down.
Hope has returned! The Lord again is here!
They run with haste to make the good news known.

With Thy three Marys, Lord, O let me go!
With Magdalen, who saw Thee first of all,
Nor knew Thee—for her eyes were dimmed with woe—
Until her name she heard Thee gently call.

Then, then she knew His ne'er-forgotten voice,
Who from sin's bondage late had set her free.
The Master's word now bids her heart rejoice.
Like her, forgiven much, I'd worship Thee.

Swift in her faithful footsteps would I run—
To spread the tidings be my blest employ—
Rousing the world to praise the deathless One
Who burst Death's bars and brought eternal joy.

Princeps pacis, Deus fortis!
Vitae Dator, Victor mortis!

Now in the city's crowded street
My heart the moving throng would greet
With Easter salutation sweet—
Rejoice, good souls—rejoice alway!
The Lord is risen! He rose to-day.
In earthly tomb He could not stay.

No rocky bounds could hold Him fast
Who vanquished Death, and glorious passed
Beyond the power of sinful men—
Beyond the reach of mortal ken.
Rejoice for life won back from death—
Joy in the soul-exalting faith
That we shall rise as He has risen,
And leave the grave an empty prison—
For He hath said it Who alone
Can roll from human hearts the stone.
O praise the Lord! Exult and sing!
Rise soul, and praise thy risen King!

Christ risen, throned, glorified, shedding gifts of eternal worth upon them that ask Him; Christ exalted as only the FIRST-*begotten from the dead, the Life-Giver, the Fore-runner, gone to prepare a place for* US; *this is the vision which rises at this time, clear and beautiful, to our hungering gaze, and now for the waiting servant there is no sin or sorrow—there is only joy unspeakable and full of glory.*

BISHOP GALLEHER.

"AS AT THIS TIME"

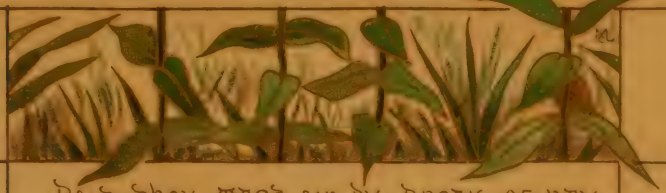
AN EASTER MUSING.

MUSE ON THE JOY HE BROUGHT
FORTH FROM THE TOMB
THINK HOW THY LIFE HE BOUGHT
BEARING DEATHS DOOM

(2)

LILIES OF EASTER TIDE
BLOSSOM FOR THEE
PARDONED AND PURIFIED
RISE SOUL SEE FREE

(3)



BUT THOU WAST UP BY BREAK OF DAY,
AND BROUGHTEST THY SWEETS ALONG WITH THEE.

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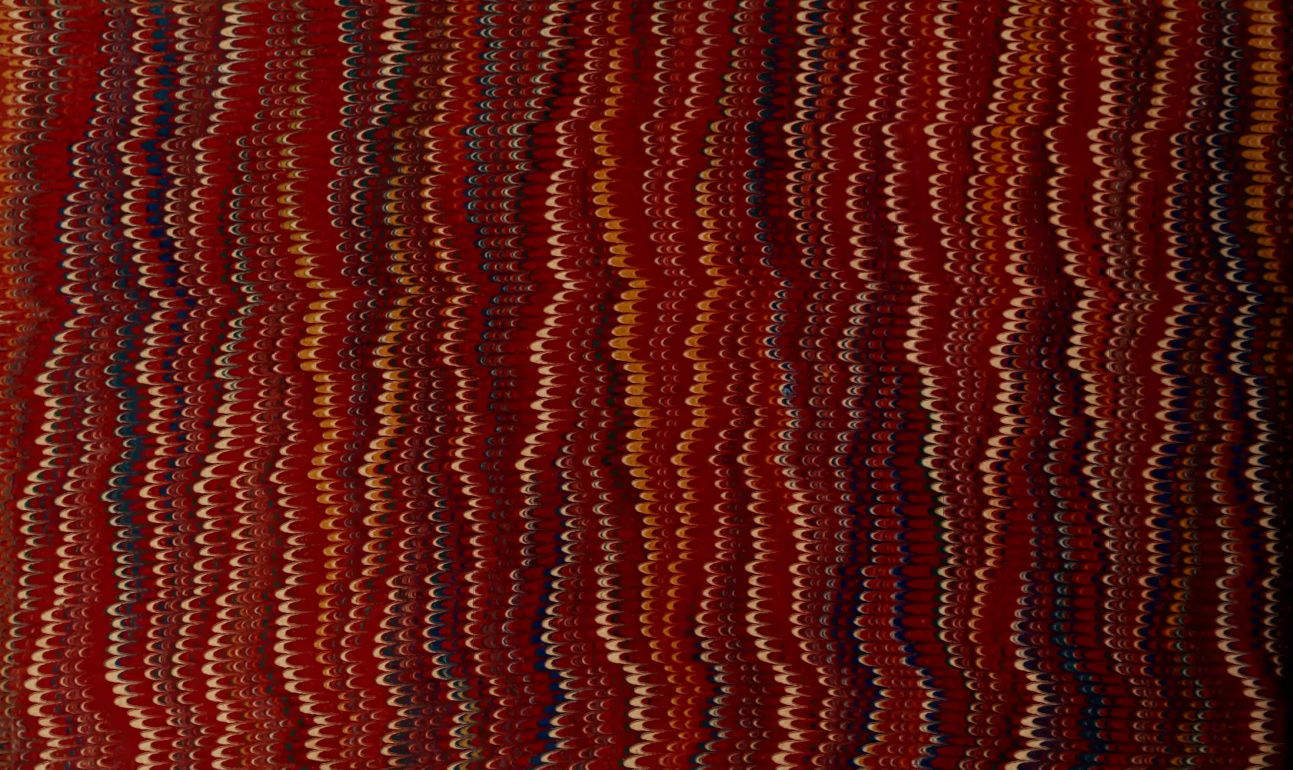

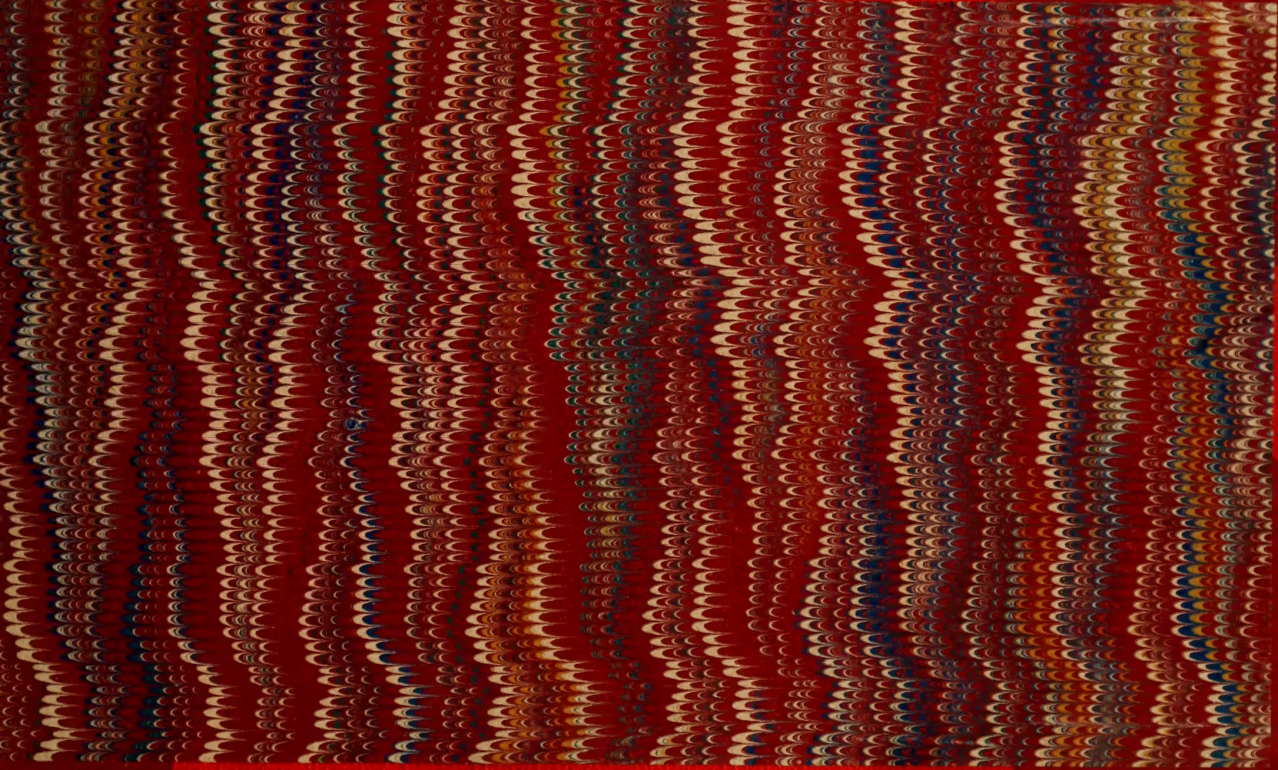

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